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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

SONG FOR AN EXILE IN AUSTRALIA, FEET, MAKING LOVE MAKING POETRY

Ouyang Yu

SONG FOR AN EXILE IN AUSTRALIA

in a loveless season in Australia
the body is passing through the sun of spring
decaying gradually disconnected with life
so I cover up every face of clocks
to forget time
to forget every face that lifts up from under the white shroud of
corpses

the spring has lost its power of medium
and the body can't understand its own meaning
woodenly I wait for the coming of dusk
knowing very well that nothing will come out of it
like every disappearing season
that will not leave her shadows

in a poemless season in Australia
I read my poems of past
like a stranger in hundreds of years
reading books left to him by his ancestors
I see thousands of lines
shoot past the edge of dreams
but my paralysed brain can't pull itself out of the wheel-chair of
imagination
like my decayed body

in a riverless season in Australia
the boundless grass land drives me crazy
for my skin is thirsty for the baptism of murky rivers
and my train of thoughts is chasing waves that can rush a
thousand miles a second
listen the lawn-mower next door starts its routine again
cutting hair for the spring mourning for the season
hoping to find a fault in the ground
where there is a fult there is life running

in a season without languages in Australia
I have lost my weight in undeveloped no-person's land

like a wild devil roaming
 I sow my language into the alien soil
 where it sends forth such strange flowers that no one recognizes
 and all of a sudden I find my tongue
 held between two languages like a vice

in a season of self-exile in Australia
 I feel doubly alienated doubly illusioned
 the death of the old world has such weird attractions
 while the light of the new world has somehow darkened

in a season without love in Australia
 my body my poetry
 in a season without languages in Australia
 my interference my waves of electricity
 in a season without death in Australia
 I see the black cat acquiring an eternal existence in the afternoon
 sun
 and I see the reflection of a car above the distant trees

in a season without imagination
 in a desireless season
 in Australia
 in Australia

in Australia

FEET

all they've learnt for the last five thousand years
 is love their women's feet
 and put these in a tiny tiny pair of shoes
 so that they become so weightless that they can dance on the golden
 lotus
 leaves like the dewy stuff that rolls about in a quicksilver way

emperors loved that
 didn't you know that one emperor in tang dynasty
 asked one of his imperial concubines to do a dancing on a lotus leaf
 so light did he feel himself he fucked her then and there on the

leaf

while all the others were cowering under the enormous canopy
that shivered in quicksilver pleasure

there are other stories

men of letters used to have drinking parties with courtesans of the
town

usually with the tiniest feet

they would take off the cloth shoe that had flowers sown on it
as pointed as the girls' nipples

and smell it inside and out and caress it like you do to a health ball
the shoe went the round

and served the purpose of a cup for them to drink with

i wonder who was taking care of the shoeless feet meanwhile

that must have been hanging there quite lonesome

more importantly when they actually started doing that sort of thing
what they did with those feet

took them in hand and held them in position before you

entered in between

the energy the nourishment the vitality that should have been in the
feet

must have been all pressed further back into that particular place
that all men loved

those were the thoughts that flashed through my mind when i was
composing this feet poem

they reminded me of an incident not so long ago

when i had a photo of a group of chinese prostitutes in the first decade
of

this century

with such tiny feet

that i did not know what i was doing

but simply took out my thing and came instantly

shooting desires of a collective unconscious all over the photo

smearing the feet oh what fuckable feet

even today love for us does not start from eyes

but from feet look at those lascivious chinaman

watching feet big feet moving around

in high heels always high heels

their version of our lotus

but feet are strange things

whence they are allowed out about

they have fewer places to play

constricted they help you and me
 end up inevitably in the one and same place
 oh feet

MAKING LOVE MAKING POETRY

love is coming
 when poetry is coming

one in tentative strides
 and the other on mental tiptoes

you take things off
 you put things in

your mind gone on a different track
 assisted by ears and a close-eyed world

the crab-apples dripping heavily onto the senseless ground
 with every gust of wind of desire

the cockatoos once more swooping down
 to snatch the ripe half-yellow half-red apricots

that hung densely on the hair of two heads
 that merge into one with physical concentration

the minute you seize a pen
 as you reluctantly withdraw from the battleground of wrestling

your poetry is gone
 with your ears